

*The Historie of*

*Prin.* O, my sweet beoffe, I must still be good angel to thee,  
the money is paid backe againe.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double labour.

*Prin.* I am good friends with my father, & may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and  
do it with vnwash't hands too.

*Bar.* Do, my Lord.

*Prin.* I haue procured thee, Iacke, a charge of foote.

*Fal.* I would it had beene of horse. Where shall I finde one  
that can steale well? O, for a fine thiefe of the age of xxii. or there-  
abouts; I am hainously vnprovided. Well, God be thanked for  
these rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; I laude them, I  
praise them.

*Prin.* Bardoll.

*Bar.* My Lord.

*Prin.* Go, beare this letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaster,  
To my brother Iohn, this, to my Lord of Westmerland.  
Go, Peto, to horse, for thou and I

Haue thirtie miles to ride yet e're dinner times:

Iacke, meete me to morrow in the temple hall

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue  
Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, Percy stands on high,

And either we or they must lower lie.

*Fal.* Rare words, braue world. Hostesse, my breakefast, come,  
Oh, I could wish this Tauerne were my drum.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.*

*Hot.* Well said, my noble Scot, if speaking truth

In this fine age were not thought flattery,

Such attribution should the Douglas haue,

As not a souldier of this seasons stampe,

Should go so generall currant through the world:

By God, I cannot flatter, I desie

The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place

In my hearts loue hath no man then your selfe:

Nay, taske me to my word, approue me, Lord.

*Douglas.* Thou art the King of honour,

No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,

But I will beard him.

*Enter one with letters.*

*Henry the fourth.*

*Hot.* Do so, and 'tis well: Wh  
but thanke you.

*Mef.* These letters come from

*Hot.* Letters from him? why

*Mef.* He cannot come, my Lo

*Hot.* Zounds, how haz he th

In such a iustling time? who lead

Vnder whose gouernment come

*Mef.* His letters beares his min

*Wor.* I prethee, tell me, doth h

*Mef.* He did, my Lord, foure

And at the time of my departure

He was much feard by his Phisic

*Wor.* I would the state of time

E're he by sicknes had bin visited

His health was neuer better word

*Hot.* Sickenow, droope now,

The very life-bloud of our enterp

'Tis catching hither, euen to our c

He writes me here, that inward si

And that his friends by deputatio

Could not so soone be drawne, no

To lay so dangerous and deare a t

On any soule remou'd, but on his

Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertise

That with our small coniunction,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to

For, as he writes, there is no quailin

Because the King is certainly pos

Of all our purposes: what say you

*Wor.* Your fathers sicknes is a

*Hot.* A perillous gash, a very lim

And yet, in faith, it is not his presen

Seemes more, then we shall find it

To set the exact wealth of all our f

All at one cast? to set so rich a main

On the nice hazzard of one doubt

It were not good, for therein shoul

*Hot.*